In Appomattox It's
WEST END MARKET
"Where It Cost Less To Shop"

Jamestown B

Lutrers Franks

Chuck Roast
Our Choice

MORRE
Lunch Tong
11 1-2 oz. Can

BRUSH CREEK PEA
2 NO. 2½

E-QUALITY SALT Pla lo

BUSH B
Blackeye Peas
Navy Beans
Pinto Beans
Great Northern Beans

Strietmann C
Fudge
11 1-2 Oz. Pac

Pillsbury
PLAIN OR SELF-RISI
10 Pound Ba

WE T END MARKET
APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA

Saylers Creek, Deathbed Of The Confederac

Westward to Appomattox

(Continued from page 1)

died, another fine soldier of the Confederacy met an equally pathetic death. General A. P. Hill, the ailing commander of the Third Corps, had but returned to the Petersburg lines from an unexpired leave with kinsmen in Chesterfield County, to learn that that part of the weakened defense position occupied by his troops southwest of the city had crumbled. In the early dawn he rides out from Lee's headquarters at Edge Hill (the Turnbull home) to see what may be done to correct the mischance. One may be forgiven the fleeting thought that with the news he has learned he is riding deliberately to his death, for he had remarked on the streets of Richmond only recently that if the cause for which he fought was lost life itself would hold no attraction for him. And now in the confusion of his torn lines he found himself among the enemy with Sergeant Tucker at his side. They came suddenly upon two Union soldiers in a wooded area. Could Hill have saved himself? One wonders again. Twice before in his brilliant career Hill had saved the day for Lee—at Cedar Mountain and at Sharpsburg—by his timely arrival at a desperate moment. But today it was to end differently. As the accounts go, standing firm and determined as had been his conduct on other tight occasions when danger pressed closely, he made of himself an excellent target for the rifleman who leveled his gun and fired. There he lay while death closed in.

The pathetic sequel follows two hours later, when his adjutant, Colonel Palmer, breaks the news to Hill's young wife, whom he finds singing at her work in the kitchen of the Venable House just within the lines on the outskirts of Petersburg.

Retreat Begins

That night the retreat begins—the attempt of Lee to get his decimated army out of the 35 miles of trenches that extend from the Chickahominy northeast of Richmond to Hatcher's Run, five miles southwest of Petersburg. Such a thinly manned line it was, with an average of less than 1,000 men for each mile of defense, while the besieging enemy manned its positions with more than twice the number!

On the first day out we will stop for what is perhaps the last pleasant hour for Lee in the trek that was to end at Appomattox. Twenty-two miles west of Petersburg near Winterpock, a village on the River Road, on which Lee and his staff were traveling westward, there lived one Judge Cox owner of the lovely Clover Hill Plantation.

Visit to Clover Plantation

Learning of the near presence of Lee, the Judge sent a family servant to the General and his staff inviting them to accept his hospitality for refreshment and dinner. Turning through the woodland, this little band came upon the charming house and gardens, for Judge Cox was a man of considerable substance, being owner of the coal mines at Winterpock which were then supplying fuel for the operation of the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond.

Though the home was already filled with refugees from Richmond and Petersburg, (among them the wife of General Billy Mahone) all else was forgotten as the household busied itself to give exclusive attention to the comfort of its distinguished military guests. While awaiting the meal, the kindly Judge prepared and passed around frosty glasses of mint julep, which were gratefully received by Lee's staff. Lee himself scarcely touched his lips to the potion, saying to pretty Kate Cox, 18 year old daughter of the Judge, as she touched her lips to his glass, that though the others might enjoy the concoction he would prefer to have a drink of cold water.

When dinner was announced, Lee took Kate's arm to have her accompany him. She demurred, saying that all else had been set aside and that the dinner now prepared was for the General and his staff. But upon Lee's insistence she acquiesced and went with him to the table. Longstreet was there his own arm still stiff from the wounding in the Wilderness nearly a year before. Kate cut his meat for him and joined pleasantly in the conversation of that sunny April afternoon.

It is the picture of Kate Cox that makes this story. One soldier brother lies buried in the quiet graveyard just across the garden on which the house fronts; another soldier brother rides along with the retreating army—yet she is cheerful and in her diary writes charmingly of the events of the memorable day when Lee and his staff stopped by. (Kate later married General Logan, who was said to have been the youngest general officer in the Confederate service.)

I like this story because of its freshness and simplicity amid the trial and strain and disorder of the surrounding days. I like it too because one can, if he will, go today to the scene of this occasion. The old house at Clover Hill still stands, lovely even in its present neglected and abandoned state. No one lives there, but the forest and brush have not yet taken it over—though a careless traveler may one day leave a spark that will consume it.

And so Kate writes of the tears that came to her eyes as she waves farewell to the little band of officers riding across the fields of clover to join the stream of men of lesser rank moving along the westward road.

Amelia April 4

And now it is April 4 and the retreating army is entering the courthouse village of Amelia. Here the troops from the Richmond and Howlett lines are coming together with those from Petersburg. Food should await them at the place for, as Lee confidently believed, his instructions would have been heeded. But on arrival such proves not to be the case and a day is lost while detachments are sent into the surrounding countryside to gather what may be had to feed the hungry men. But it is as if fate were decreeing that everything should go awry, thus to enable the enemy to make up in time for the slight advantage that Lee's hurried evacuation has given him over his pursuers. There was food for the guns at Amelia—so much of it, in fact, that a vast store had to be blown up since it could not be carried along—but the stomachs of the soldiers were, for the most part, empty as the march was resumed.

We know now that the loss of that day at Amelia made little difference to the end result. But it meant much to those who were there, so much that from this point on all else that happened seemed nightmarish and unreal. It was already well-registered in the minds of many of the men that the army with which they traveled was dying and there were those who resolved not to die with it—or equally worse to them become prisoners of the enemy, whose dogged pursuit had already made itself felt both on the rear and on the flanks. Hungry, dispirited, weak and war-weary, more than one brave soldier, sensing the inevitability of defeat, quietly slipped away from his comrades and vanished among the trees.

Southwest from Amelia toward Burkeville had been the intended route of Lee, but this way was challenged by Sheridan just west of Jetersville where he had blocked the road, and so another way to the north and the northwest had to be taken.

Amelia Springs April 5

Amelia Springs is the place of bivouac on the night of April 5. Here one may see standing the ruins of a once attractive watering place. The gutted main hotel stands forlorn on a rise of ground just off the near-deserted dirt road that wanders through the countryside. But it must have been attractive one hundred years ago.

And were it night when you stood there with the woods all around, you might still in fancy catch the strains of the ghost bands of the enemy bivouacked on the farther rises to the east and southeast, as they break the stillness with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Tenting Tonight" and other of the soldier songs.

April 6 has in store further menace and calamity as the pressure of Grant's pursuit increases. His men are well-provisioned for the most part and he has the advantage of cavalry with which to charge in against the flanks of Lee's greatly attenuated, staggering columns further encumbered with artillery and wagons that are going to pieces on the road with played-out horses no longer strong enough to pull them.

Sayler's Creek

At Sayler's Creek, Sheridan and Federal infantry again block the way ahead. Now the troops of Ewell and Anderson are beset by attacks in both front and rear. Here it is that Lee loses a third of the army that is left to him—all of Ewell's Corps and more than half of Anderson's. The rest manage to strike off through the forest in the direction of Farmville. Farther north Gordon has been attacked at the Twin Bridges and a good part of the wagon train going by that route is there destroyed.

Who dares to say that someone blundered at Sayler's Creek? Blundering was all that could happen in the disorder and confusion of the situation then presented. Surrender at that point might have been the epitome of good generalship and also of humanity.

It was on a hill overlooking the valley of Sayler's Creek to which Lee had retraced his steps from Rice's Station, on learning of the action there, that he was said to have uttered the words, "My God, has my army been dissolved." It may have been here that grim truth was forcing its way into his resolution to keep moving and that the stalwart will to fight his way out was waking to the possibility that there might be no way out.

By the night of the 6th and early morning of the 7th, Lee's men were in and around Farmville.

The blow at Sayler's Creek was deadly to the morale of many in Lee's army who previously had been resolute in their determination to fight on. To this blow was added the miserable knowledge that the Second Corps of Grant's forces, which was hot on the heels of Gordon as he crossed the Appomattox at High Bridge, had succeeded in effecting a passage at the road crossing downstream from the railroad, a contingency which Lee had foreseen and specifically cautioned against.

And so, on the morning of April 7, as Lee rode northward from Farmville across the Appomattox in the direction of Cumberland Church three miles distant, his mood was not altogether placid. It ought here to be remarked that some historians have done their hero Lee a disservice in assuming that he at all times displayed an unvaried pose of equanamity and aplomb. In so doing they have endowed him with a near stolidity that is far from characteristic in the noblest of humans.

Lee possessed remarkable self-control, but he also possessed temper and under stress reacted in ways in which even the greatest of great men may be expected to react. Let us remember him as quite human and not give to him the qualities of a marble statue. A man of intense self-control, more given to composure under the heaviest of stresses than other men would be, he was nevertheless mortal and the reverence we give his memory need not be impaired by recognizing this quality of mortality.

Grant's Letter Received

At Cumberland Church, in the late evening of the 7th, Lee received Grant's first message suggesting the hopelessness of the former's plight and protesting the necessity of any further effusion of blood. It was a petition to Lee for surrender, sincerely made and realistic of the exigencies then confronting the Confederate commander. It was a gesture of magnanimity and not of braggadocio. Grant knew full well, when he wrote his first message, that the end of his long campaign was near. How could it otherwise with his vastly superior which had already inflicted so much age upon his adversary?

But it was not in Lee's mind to buckle the sword yet—not quite yet. It would take nearly two more days for him to bring himself to accept the bitter tion of surrendering his army.

A hundred years later, we who what has since been written by those of Lee's army who were with him on the retreat know vastly more about his straits than he then knew. That his was shrinking away so rapidly through desertion was apparent (I use the word "desertion" not in its adverse military implication so much as in a sense of realism and despair of discouraged weary men who just couldn't find it in their hearts and wills to go on.)

The sterner stuff of which Lee was made and his sense of duty would control his conduct until the last faint spark of hope for escape flickered out. And so he sent his reply to Grant, denying the opinion that his situation was hopeless but nevertheless asking of Grant the terms under which he would propose surrender.

April 8 was a race to Appomattox Station on the Southside Railroad which first reached by Lee would find food for his men and a remote hope of salvaging part of his forces by a march southward to join Johnston, but if first reached by the Federals would be the end. Perhaps it was this last gambling chance that supported Lee in his then wavering mind the question of surrender.

And in the afternoon of that sunny Saturday, as Lee rested by the roadside while his men and wagons streamed past, as General Pendleton approached him with the information that some of the officers in deliberation among themselves had come to the conclusion that the army could not cut its way out, he was all but rebuffed by Lee. Neither Longstreet nor Gordon were parties to the rump conference of which Pendleton had spoken.

It was as if Lee fought within himself against any admission to weakness, perhaps in the belief that it would encourage Grant to demand harsher terms than he needed to concede. Yet, when the time actually came and the choice was surrender or be wiped out, as surely the small remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia would have been, were Lee's hopes of the afternoon of the 8th brighter than on the morning of the

There is the touching moment in the late afternoon of the 8th, when the despairing "Dick" Anderson was more or less summarily relieved from duty and advised that he might go home or where else he desired. Perhpas Anderson was quite content to go for, after the action at Sayler's Creek, he was virtually without men to command. At any rate, he did not argue the action taken against him. Two other generals were given similar dismissals at the same time—Pickett and Bushrod Johnson. Was Lee so bitter over the failures at Five Forks and Sayler's Creek that he no longer wished them about? That this was so in the case of Pickett is borne out by a remark which Lee is said to have made on April 11, when he observed Pickett still with the army after the surrender: "I thought that man was no longer with the army." Thus was the division commander of Gettysburg's Third Day slaughter made unwelcome by his chief on the eve of the surrender.

One cannot logically condemn Sheridan

(Continued on page 3)

Highway Markers Trace Corridor Of Sorrow

By LT. COL. JOHN C. STECK
Managing Editor of the Farmville Herald

It has required 90 years, until recent days, for Virginia to forsake the trust of keeping secret the exact whereabouts of General Lee between April 2 and April 9, 1865.

Contemporaries of the commander who saw him as the tide of war washed toward its farthest dune would have hanged before divulging his location. Perhaps it was the same spirit that kept—until 1955—the 100-mile corridor of sorrows from the Crater to the McLean House relatively unknown territory save for the preiphery points.

A $2,000 General Assembly appropriation and the recent erection of signs all bearing the simple wording, "Route of Lee's Retreat," plus a direction arrow, now trace the route of the opposing armies as accurately as present road nets permit as the situation, for the Southern cause at least, passed successively from misfortune to tragedy to disaster.

With the aid of the signs, the tourist and war student now can do what alone is satisfying—cover the actual ground with the succinctly worded compliments of the Commonwealth.

Great Military 'Ifs'

The traveler now, relieved of the necessity of striking his own azimuths down back-country roads, may cover easily territory over which some of the greatest ifs in military history were recorded.

Available now to more thorough visitors are such places as the field headquarters at Rice where Lee, looking through glasses toward Sayler's Creek and the smoke and confusion of battle cried, "My God, is the Army dissolved?"

Two thousand yards away, at the pinpoint of his view that day, the Confederacy lost 8,000 nearly a third of Lee's command and the greatest number of prisoners of war taken without terms in American history.

STATE MARKERS, erected in 1956 by the Virginia Department of Highways, tracing the route of General Lee's retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox. Research by the late Wilmer R. Turner, of Blackstone, authenticated the route, and was chiefly responsible for the project.

The signs change what were formerly two disconnected highpoints separated by nearly 100 miles to an exciting seven-day campaign. Within that stretch lies the rendezvous point at Amelia where the Richmond-Petersburg columns joined to make a still potent striking force; the trench blockade of Sheridan's at Jetersville, pinching off the long-awaited food rail head at Burkeville; the area march of the ragged forces of Lee through the spa for the well-to-do at Amelia Springs.

Miscarriage of Information

Farther east, along Route 166, came the tragic miscarriage of information which separated the commands of Longstreet and Mahone from Anderson, Ewell and Gordon, leaving the opening wedge for Federal infantry and cavalry.

Another mile and there is the point where a weary, hungry private with the duty of connecting file failed to inform General Gordon of the changed route of march decided on by Anderson and Ewell. Without Gordon's help Ewell's forces were overwhelmed and Ewell himself captured along with at least seven general officers and numerous commanders of lesser rank.

The Hillsman House

Nearby, formerly unvisited by many interested in the war period is the Hillsman House, used as a field hospital during the battle that day. It sits in the middle of a 219-acre site which now is the only battlefield park owned and maintained by the Commonwealth of Virginia.

On the traveler is directed west of Rice and toward the "if" which left the foot bridge at High Bridge passable to the blue-clad forces of Grant. On to Farmville and the start of surrender notes, the first written there by Grant, followed by Lee's politely written disagreement as to the hopelessness of the situation. On to the "if" which left the bridge across the Appomattox River unfired and available to Union troops. On to Appomattox Court House.

The retreat route—a second set of signs later will pick up the route of the Richmond forces to Amelia—was mapped in large party by the late W. R. Turner, of Blackstone, historian of the latter days of the war. His work was carefully studied by the Historical Division of the State Library and authenticated prior to submission of the idea to the Appropriations Committee.

Proper Perspective

Now the momentous secret is out and travelers, Yankee or Reb, whose kinsmen walked those weary miles are glad that the important area has been placed in proper perspective to the whole final maneuver.

Over-the-ground is the only way to satisfy anyone whose grandfather was trapped in the marshes of Sayler's Creek or was behind one of those threatening rifle muzzles which accounted for 8,000 prisoners in one muddy Spring afternoon.

Westward to Appomattox

(Continued from page 2)

for his seemingly cruel and arbitrary treatment of General Warren on the occasion of Five Forks on the 1st of April without pondering the dismissal of Lee's three generals on the 8th of April. It was an awkward moment, in any event, to tell generals that they might go home. One wishes he might know more about the hours that followed for these three.

Grants Second Note

Grant's second note was received by Lee at darkness on the 8th. This merely stated that the Union General would insist only on the laying down of arms of officers and men who were surrendered and their disqualification to bear arms until properly exchanged.

In answer, the still reluctant Lee denied that he intended to propose the surrender of his army and asserted that he sought only to ascertain the terms of Grant's proposition adding that he did not think any emergency had arisen calling for surrender.

In this note Lee displays an artfulness that presumes upon the intelligence of Grant and certainly could have been trying upon his patience. For in the return dispatch Lee agrees to meet with Grant next morning between the picket lines of the two armies on the old stage road to Richmond.

The story of Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House need not here be retold. You know it too well from others who have said it better than I could say it.

Suffice to say, it was the end of a great body of men.

"After four years of arduous service . . . I bid you an affectionate farewell."

TRAGIC MISTAKE—It was this fork in the road that Generals Ewell and Anderson turned left, while General Gordon continued straight ahead. The separation preceded General Ewell's capture with 8,000 Confederate soldiers.

Historic Appomattox Gave Unity and Peace to America

TIMES - VIRGINIAN

A Growing Newspaper In A Growing Town

A LIVE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER AT HISTORIC APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE VIRGINIA

VOLUME 68 NUMBER 15 APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY APRIL 13, 1961 Subscription Rate: $2 per year

Father

ON DEAN'S LIST

LOCAL GOLF CLUB MEETING CALLED

Burke Named

Lawson Files For Mayor

As we go to press, there are two candidates for the office of Mayor of the Town of Appomattox, and seven candidates for the six places on the Town Council.

Deadline for filing of candidacy is tonight.

Dr. S. R. Lawson, member of the Town Council at present, today filed as a candidate for Mayor. Previously, Grover E. Smith had filed for this office. Incumbent Mayor C. T. Moses, Jr., has announced that he will not be a candidate.

In order of filing, the following will seek election to the Town Council:

E. LeRoy Smith, John R. Garrett, Mrs. Calvin Robinson, J. T. Almond, Ivey Holland, T. Randolph Gilbert, Henry B. Pack.

The town election, for two year years, beginning this September, is scheduled for June 13.

Of the candidates for the Council, the last five listed above are incumbents.

BLOODMOBILE VISIT YIELDS GOOD RESULT

Appomattox County was credited with a total of 102 pints of blood, after the Red Cross Bloodmobile visit here Tuesday. There were 93 pints donated at the visitation, and 9 additional pints were credited from a recent Bloodmobile visit at Concord, the nine donors being Appomattox residents. Eleven others offered blood here Tuesday, mkaing a total of 104 who offered as donors.

R. V. Leffers, chairman for this program, was pleased at the result of the Bloodmoble visit, and wishes to thank all who aided in any way for this successful visitation.

4 P. M. BURNING LAW STILL IN EFFECT

The 4:00 P. M. burning law is still in effect, Division of Forestry Foresters reminded as the danger of forest fires mounts with warm weather.

Care by those who have had burning to do has kept fire losses low, but forest wardens caution that the most dangerous period is yet to come. Spring rains dry away quickly, the wardens say, and fires can escape if care is not taken in burning trash and brush.

The law effective from March 1 through May 15 allows burning of any material only between the hours of 4:00 P. M. and 12 midnight if the fire is in or within 300 feet of forestland or other inflammable material.

SCHEDULE OF CLUB MEETINGS FOR WEEK

Home Demonstration club meetings for next week:

Monday, April 17: Liberty Chapel Club will meet at 7:30 P. M., with Mrs. Edna Coleman.

Tuesday, April 18: Appomattox Club will meet at 10:00 A. M. with Mrs. C. G. O'Brien.

Tuesday, April 18: Spout Spring Club will meet at 2:00 P. M., with Mrs. Hunter Jamerson.

Wednesday, April 19: Wreck Island Club will meet at 2:00 P. M. with Mrs. J. P. Leitner.

Thursday, April 20: Pamplin Club will meet at 2:00 P. M. with Mrs. Edwin Fore.

LOCAL MAN RE-ENLISTS

Norfolk. (FHTNC) Shelton C. Gallier, damage controlman third class, U. S. N., son of Mrs. Annie Gallier, of Appomattox, Va., reenlisted for six years, March 17, while serving aboard the repair ship USS Vulcan, Atlantic Fleet service and flagship of Commander Service Squadron Four, operating out of Norfolk, Va. The mission of the ship is the repair and maintenance of ships of the Atlantic fleet.

Before entering the Navy in November 1943, Gallier attended Appomattox High School.

Tranquilizer help children to overcome phobia.

protection for the entire Community Area. All interested are invited and urged to this event.

to make this hard money harder. It melts away just as fast as the old soft money.
-Changing Times.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Gowin were honored with a reception Su day 26th at their home, Route 1, Appomattox of their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Many friends and relatives were present.

Beta projects."

Harriman says Kennedy views impress Nehru.